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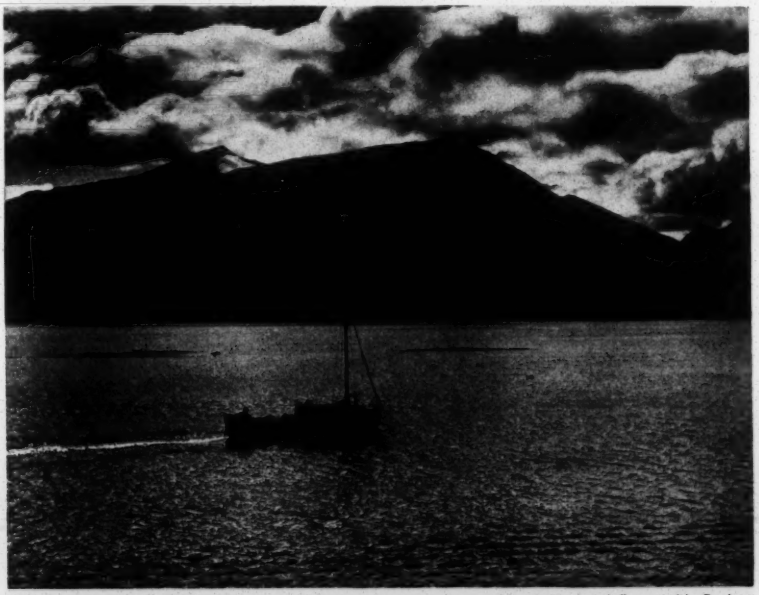
Contents for Week of December 3, 1934. Vol. XIII. No. 22.

1. Harrodsburg, Cradle of the Near West.
2. Mt. Etna Conquered by Motor Highway.
3. Across the Continent—in Two Years and in a Day!
4. The Acropolis, World's Most Famous Hill, in Danger.
5. Collarin' Cape Horn in a 25-Foot Boat.



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FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF FIRST GLOBE GIRDLER

The 25-foot surfboat *Dorjun*, commanded by the National Geographic Society explorer Amos Burg, cruises the storm-bullied waters around Cape Horn. With a single companion Mr. Burg obtained photographs and data about this lonely region, which has been seldom visited since it was first explored by Magellan (see Bulletin No. 5).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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Harrodsburg, Cradle of America's Near West

HARRODSBURG, in the blue grass region of Kentucky less than an hour's automobile ride southwest of Lexington, welcomed President Roosevelt on November 16, when he dedicated a replica of the original log settlement of Fort Harrod (see illustration, next page), and a monument to General George Rogers Clark and other hardy pioneers who played daring parts in the winning of the West.

Harrodsburg was the cradle of the near West, the wilderness region lying just beyond the Allegheny Mountains. Two years before the beginning of the American Revolution, James Harrod, intrepid Pennsylvanian, residing near what now is Millsboro, announced that he was going west. When he left, thirty-one restless pioneers packed their knapsacks and headed with him for places then known to few American colonists.

Founders Called to War

In June of the same year they stopped on the banks of the Salt River, built log cabins and defenses to protect them from Indians, cleared land for tilling, and roughly surveyed their neighborhood. They named their little settlement Harrodstown.

It was the first permanent settlement made in "The Wilderness" by American colonists from east of the mountains, and their journey was the forerunner of America's great westward trek of later years.

Hardly had Harrod and his associates become familiar with their new home site when out of the East came two messengers—Daniel Boone was one of them—bearing summons from Lord Dunmore, Governor of Colonial Virginia, to join his forces in the Dunmore War against angry Indian tribes. Sixty-two days were consumed by these messengers in reaching the new settlement. Harrodstown, or Fort Harrod, then was in Lord Dunmore's domain. Every man answered the Dunmore summons and the settlement was deserted.

The little band put aside their muskets for axes, hammers, saws, and plows when they returned to their settlement in 1775. A building boom was staged. New cabins rose almost overnight; defenses were strengthened; and additional acres were put under cultivation.

In a few months the settlement was known throughout the colonies as the safest place in The Wilderness against attack from savages. Men going west sought its shelter.

Man's Settlement until 1777

When General George Rogers Clark campaigned against the British and their Indian allies, he used Harrodstown as base of operations. Indians, stirred by British agents, attacked the settlement's stockade, but in vain.

Until 1777, Harrodstown was a man's town. Then four mothers and their families, all in one party, braved the Wilderness Road through the Cumberland Gap of the Alleghenies. Mrs. Daniel Boone, one of the women, went to Boonesboro, a settlement established by her husband on the Kentucky River. The other three went to Harrodstown.

Although modern Harrodstown, now known as Harrodsburg, has only 4,029

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LESS THAN 100 YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THIS WAS THE BEST WAY TO THE WEST

Streamlined trains now streak across the dusty plains where guarded ox teams, sometimes two, four, or even eight abreast, slowly drew lumbering Conestoga or covered wagons. "The Caravan on Its Way" is Frederic Remington's title for this vivid study of frontier travel in the middle of the last century (see Bulletin No. 3).

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Mt. Etna Conquered by Motor Highway

ITALY possesses many scenic and unusual highways, but few can compare with a new automobile road twisting up the famous and dangerous slopes of Mt. Etna, in Sicily, Europe's greatest volcano. Recently King Victor Emanuel III opened this remarkable motorway, which begins at the city of Catania and winds up the lower slopes, through olive and fruit orchards, to the rough, black desert of lava and ash that marks the cone of the volcano itself.

The new highway reaches an altitude of more than 6,000 feet above sea level. Visitors who wish to peer down the fiery throat of Mother Etna must climb the remaining 4,700 feet to the rim of the crater afoot, or with the aid of donkeys.

Thus Mt. Etna breaks into the world's news in a new way. Since the world was young Etna has made its presence known through periodic eruptions and lava flows. Pindar, the Greek poet, was the first to mention Etna's fires, in 474 B. C., and since that time more than 100 major eruptions have been reported.

Slopes Densely Populated

With such a fiery and inhospitable reputation, it might well be imagined that Mt. Etna would be shunned by man. But that is far from the truth. More than a quarter million people still live on the slopes of the mountain. The eastern side is so thickly populated that one town almost adjoins another. Orchards, vineyards, and forests have been destroyed again and again, but ash and broken lava left after each eruption are so fertile that man returns to build and grow crops anew. Almost every foot of ground not used for dwellings is cultivated, yielding abundant returns.

Etna, the volcano, however, has terrorized this district many times. Whether the visitor travels by train or by automobile down the east coast of Sicily, he passes flow after flow of lava. Some of them are centuries old; others more recently deposited from some of the two hundred craters that pepper the slopes of the cone-shaped mountain. Acireale, not far south of the 1928 flow, perches on a 300-foot cliff formed of seven distinct layers of lava.

Within the Christian era Mount Etna has wiped out cities, towns, and villages on its slopes and spelled doom to thousands of homes. Almost daily Mount Etna rumbles, and its summit constantly emits steam, but it takes more than these "suggestions" of action to arouse even the Sicilian's curiosity. The homes of their ancestors are, perhaps, sandwiched between two of the lava flows, and many of the present generation have watched their homes slowly disappear beneath a new molten bed.

Fresh Start after Each Flow

But like Catania, the largest city on the east coast, the small towns and villages of Sicily usually "come back" bigger and better. Catania's greatest disaster was less than 300 years ago. A large portion of the city was buried. Instead of digging up the old houses, the inhabitants rebuilt on the new lava foundation that had flowed in a fiery stream down the mountainside.

Mount Etna lava has been a destroyer, but it also helps vegetation. Orchards, groves and vineyards spread a green veil over the lower slopes. Even old craters are filled with vegetation. There are gardens and farms in and around them, and often within these cup-chaped holes stand beautiful villas. Monte Rossi, which

UMI

inhabitants, it may take pride in its glamorous history. It is a town of "firsts," among its Kentucky neighbors. The first school and Sunday school in what now is Kentucky were established there. The first white child born in Kentucky was born there. It was the seat of the first court in The Wilderness trying land cases. Horse racing, a favorite Kentucky pastime now, was first staged on a crude Harrodsburg track.

Several Pioneer Industries

The first wooden factory, grist mill, and factory for making pottery jars and jugs in The Wilderness were established in the town.

The replica of the old settlement, set in the Kentucky Pioneers Memorial State Park, is complete in every detail. Original furniture adorns some of the oak and walnut log cabins inside the stockade; an old spring has been reopened (see illustration below); and trees have been planted to give the settlement the same aspect it had during the trying days of the Revolution, when it played an important part in keeping British soldiers from entering the back door of Virginia.

The sculptured memorial, in which General Clark, the central figure, is depicted scanning the northwest country, was built with funds appropriated by the Congress of the United States.

Note: See also "A Patriotic Pilgrimage to Eastern National Parks," *National Geographic Magazine*, June, 1934; "Pirate Rivers and Their Prizes," July, 1926; and "Reelfoot—An Earthquake Lake," January, 1924.

See also "The Map of the United States," published as a free supplement to the May, 1933, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

Bulletin No. 1, December 3, 1934.

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INDIAN ARROWS ONCE WHIZZED AROUND THIS SPRING

In the background stand the reconstructed cabins of old Fort Harrod, at Harrodsburg, the earliest permanent settlement in Kentucky. The cabins were surrounded by a palisade of logs, but that did not prevent hostile redskins from shooting arrows over the walls. It was here that George Rogers Clark planned the campaign that saved the Northwest.

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Across the Continent—in Two Years, and in a Day

WHEN the Union Pacific's streamlined train recently slid to a halt in New York City after its record-breaking run from Los Angeles, it marked a new epoch in railroad travel. Passengers reclining in long, sleek cars had watched deserts, snowy peaks, prairies, farms and forests flash by at speeds reaching up to 120 miles an hour.

They had covered, in a single hour, territory that their pioneer forefathers, in wagon trains, often took as long as ten days to cross. The new train easly made the run from coast to coast in 57 hours.

The first transcontinental journey north of Mexico took almost two years. Organized near St. Louis in 1803 and led by Lewis and Clark, it finally reached the Pacific on November 15, 1805, after having travelled over 4,000 miles by canoe, by horse, and on foot.

Missouri River Early Road to West

Forty years before California cried "Gold!" the glowing reports of Lewis and Clark led settlers into the great Northwest. Pioneers in pirogues, bull-boats, and cottonweed log canoes travelled up the Missouri River at the rate of about nine miles a day. Until the coming of the transcontinental railroad, "Big Muddy," as the Missouri is called, and its branches were the principal highways into the West. Even wagon trains followed its course.

Covered wagons rambled westward at the rate of about 12 to 15 miles a day (see illustration, page two). When the first pioneers migrated, steering their wagons by compass over the unmapped prairies, Indians molested them little, thinking their small numbers the entire white population.

But as wagon after wagon, travelling two, four, and sometimes eight abreast, lurched over the horizon, despairing Indians began a vain resistance. Over the Old Oregon Trail in 1843 surged the "Great Migration" of 900 people to settle in the Willamette Valley, followed by 1,400 the next year, and 3,000 the following. Long processions of Conestoga wagons lumbered for weeks over the old Santa Fe Trail. It became packed so hard by hoofs and wagon wheels that for years afterwards, ploughs couldn't break up its surface.

When Buffaloes Held Up Trains

In 1848 a mill overseer's daughter in California discovered in a mill race a small nugget of gold. Into California rushed wagons by the hundreds between 1848 and 1869. Faster than the United States Government could buy Indian land, or permission to cross it, pioneers swept across, braving deserts, blizzards and attacks from now desperate redskins, in their thirst for gold. Stage coaches carrying gold fought their way back to New York; $1,000,000 of gold was often shipped east on a single day.

In 1860, coast to coast communication was speeded up when the United States Government organized the Pony Express to carry mail swiftly from St. Joseph, Missouri, to the settlers and gold seekers fringing the Pacific Coast. Riders on horses fleet enough to outrun Indian ponies galloped over deserts and plains, changing steeds every 10 or 15 miles, and completing the journey usually in 10 days.

Nine years later, the golden spike was driven in the last tie that signified completion of the first transcontinental railroad. Central Pacific rails laid for 689 miles east from Sacramento, (see illustration, next page) met Union Pacific rails laid for 1,086 miles west from Omaha, Nebraska, at Promontory Point, Utah. At that time, the transcontinental journey took about eight days. Buffaloes were still so numerous that passengers shot them from the train while waiting for herds to cross the tracks.

Fast Trains Shrink Distances

In 1903 orginated what is now another popular way of crossing the continent. Tom Fitch and Marcus Kraarup left San Francisco in a one-cylinder Packard car and arrived in New York City sixty-one days later. To-day, huge passenger motor busses make this same trip in four and a half days. Thousands of automobiles annually shuttle back and forth over the 3,384-mile Lincoln Highway (U. S. 30), while thousands of others play the 3,096-mile National Old Trails Road (U. S. 40).

First to make the coast-to-coast trip by airplane was Calbraith P. Rodgers who in 1911 flew from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of his 69 stops, many were forced landings. So many repairs were made that, when he reached the Pacific, he had used up 18 wing panels and all that remained of his original machine was the rudder and two struts. Although he was 84 days en route, his actual flying time was only 3½ days; his average speed 51½ miles an hour.

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was in eruption when Catania was overwhelmed long ago, is one of these garden spots.

Undaunted, the Sicilian rebuilds, not knowing whether a new home will be standing for a century or whether it will be buried beneath lava flows within a fortnight. Mount Etna keeps no regular "hours" nor does it announce to the inhabitants of its slopes which of its many old craters will belch forth a molten stream, or whether a weak spot in the cone will reveal a new boiling cauldron.

For other photographs of Mount Etna and data about Sicily see: "Flights from Arctic to Equator," *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1932; "The Perennial Geographer (Vergil)," October, 1930; "Sicily, Island of Vivid Beauty and Crumbling Glory," October, 1927; "Zigzagging Across Sicily," September, 1924; and "Inexhaustible Italy," October, 1916.

Bulletin No. 2, December 3, 1934.

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SULPHUR, "THE GOLD OF SICILY," GLEAMS YELLOW IN THE SUN

In 1903 this gift of the island's volcanoes supplied over nine-tenths of the world's demand for sulphur. Although sulphur is still the leading Italian mineral, the United States (Texas and Louisiana) mines more of the element than all the rest of the sulphur-producing countries of the world together. Stacked sulphur awaiting shipment at Porto Empedocle, Sicily.

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The Acropolis, World's Most Famous Hill, in Danger

THE Acropolis, the world's most famous hill, is in danger. Rock slides threatened the foundations of peerless temples and classic monuments on its summit recently, and Greek authorities are planning cement supports and a new drainage system to prevent the steep limestone cliffs from crumbling with any of their precious burdens.

The sheer and mighty rock of the Acropolis holds the esteem and veneration of scholars, artists, and scientists the world over because on it clusters the chief remnants of the glory that was Greece.

Crowning the modern city of Athens like a diadem in stone, the Acropolis itself is dominated by the austere Parthenon, matchless even in its ruins. This great temple has been in turn the shrine of the vestal, the church of the Christian, the mosque of the Moslem, and now and ever the ideal of all lovers of the beautiful (see illustration, next page).

Rebuilt Temple of Wingless Victory

Iron gates mark the lower precincts of the Acropolis. Passing through these and walking up the long incline, one sees, high up on the right, the little Temple of the Wingless Victory. A corner of the Parthenon shows over the retaining wall. The steep stairway which leads to the upper level must be climbed before one reaches the platform from which rises the Victory Temple.

The view outward from this platform is marvelous, but the shrine compels attention. Nothing can exceed in delicacy and charm this exquisite little structure. Four Ionic columns, each some thirteen feet in height support the roof, but so perfect are their proportions that it is only when standing beside them that one realizes that they are twice the height of a tall man.

This small, yet perfect, edifice was demolished by the Turks in order to build a bastion, and was later rebuilt with fragments of the original building. A pleasing tradition, which dies hard, was that Victory had so constantly perched on the Athenian banner that she had lost her pinions and had come permanently to reside at Athens. Learned and cruel men have shown, however, the Wingless Victory is really one of the rôles of Athens.

Where King Aegeus Watched

Nearby is the spot from which the aged King Aegeus took his stand to catch the first beam glittering on the sail of the returning ship in which his son, Theseus, had sailed to Crete to kill the Minotaur. Inside the temple are spots to which traditions cling. In the Treasure House, at the west end, was stored, it is said, the booty taken at Salamis, which included Xerxes' throne.

In another spot various Christian bishops, one is told, slept through long centuries. The Parthenon really served as a Christian church longer than as a pagan temple. From it prayers have gone up to Jove, to Christ, and to Allah.

The portico commands a superb view of the Saronic Gulf; at every turn are names familiar to the classical scholar—Salamis, the Bay of Eleusis, the dome-like rock of Acrocorinth, Aegina, and in the distance the soft line of blue hills marking the Peloponnesus.

Turn again and you will face the Porch of Maidens—the Caryatids. The perfection of the draperies, the radiant youth animating the figures, the dressing of

UMI

Although busses and airplanes have "through service" from coast to coast, there is none yet by train. Transcontinental train passengers must change at one of three points: Chicago, St. Louis, or New Orleans.

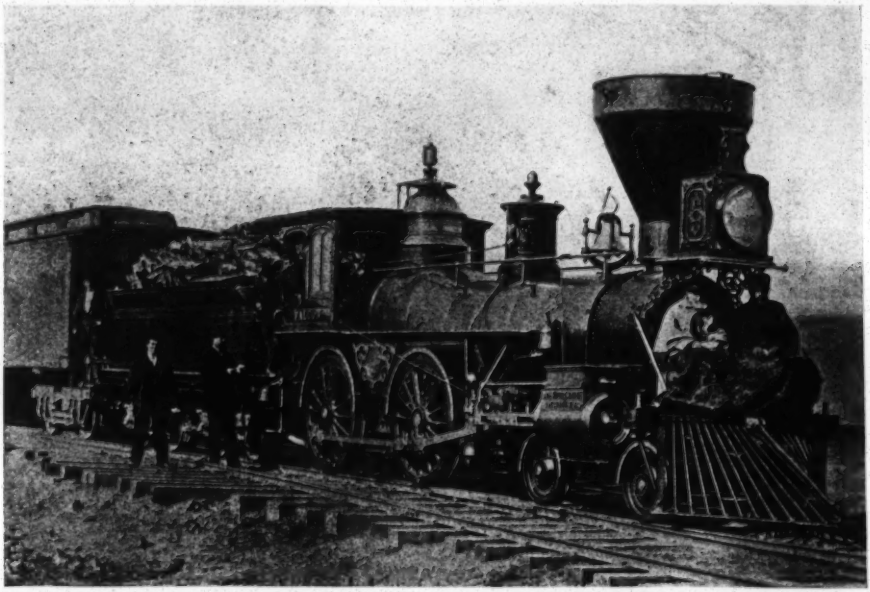
When the Union Pacific's streamlined train recently cut 23 hours from the usual railroad time between Los Angeles and New York, it gave new impetus to unified rail service. Already, loans have been allotted for the building of several more speedy streamlined trains. "Through service" by train may not be far off.

Note: Students preparing transportation projects, or units, will find helpful supplementary reading and pictures in the following: "Nature's Scenic Marvels of the West," *National Geographic Magazine*, July, 1933; "Out in San Francisco," April, 1932; "Santa Fe Trail, Path to Empire," August, 1929; "Trailing History down the Big Muddy," July, 1928; "On the Trail of the Air Mail," January, 1926; "The Non-Stop Flight across America," July, 1924; "The Automobile Industry," October, 1923; "The Story of the Horse," November, 1923; "America's Amazing Railway Traffic," April, 1923; and "America in the Air," March, 1921.

Bulletin No. 3, December 3, 1934.

NOTE TO TEACHERS

Back copies of several recent issues of the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETIN are exhausted. Hence requests from teachers who wish their files complete cannot always be filled. A lapse in your receipt of THE BULLETIN may be avoided by sending your renewal remittance of 25 cents promptly when you are notified that your subscription is expired. Because these Bulletins represent a substantial gift to schools from the National Geographic Society's educational fund, the expense of advertising or circulation promotion cannot be undertaken as would be the case with a commercial publication. The Society must rely upon supervisory officials and teachers to call them to the attention of their colleagues who might use them to advantage in their geography, social sciences, and literature classes.



© *Photograph from Southern Pacific Ry.*

"WOOD BURNERS" DREW THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAINS

Government inspectors, warmly wrapped in buffalo robes, are seen sitting on the pilot of the Central Pacific locomotive *Falcon* as it moved eastward through Nevada, in February, 1869, three months before the first coast-to-coast line was completed. Contrast this "gingerbready" engine with the photographs of modern streamlined trains in your daily newspapers.

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Collarin' Cape Horn in a 25-foot Boat

"SEALS, playing on the rocks, threw back their heads and gargled sea water with a noise like calves bawling, as we beat around stormy Cape Horn. For 50 days after leaving Magallanes, on the Strait of Magellan, we saw not a single human being except a few wild Alacaluf Indians on Burnt Island. They looked so fierce, running along their cold, lonely beach and shouting at us, that we sailed on past them."

So reports Amos Burg to the National Geographic Society, under whose auspices he led one of the most unusual expeditions of the year to the lonely, little-known region around Cape Horn, the southernmost tip of the Western Hemisphere and the nearest to the South Pole of all continental lands.

With a companion in a 25-foot surfboat Mr. Burg retraced ocean paths plowed by the galleons of Magellan (see cover illustration), and camped at sites once explored by Darwin. Mr. Burg is now sailing north to write the story of his adventures and to deliver the only photographs ever taken in this out-of-the-way corner of the world.

Gales, Waves, and Hail Batter Tiny Craft

"Magallanes itself is a long way from Portland, Oregon, where my trip began," Mr. Burg's report continues. "But from Magallanes to Cape Horn seems even farther, because of the strange sense of gloom that hangs over these chilly solitudes, and the sudden fury of the howling gales. The sea was smooth as glass the day we left Magallane; yet, in one short hour so terrific a gale had blown up that the waters became a smoking maelstrom. Hail rattled against our bounding boat like machine-gun fire.

"Such storms are known to rage for three weeks. One year had 300 stormy days. On Navarin Island we found a man named Ken Williams, an otter hunter, and took him aboard; that made three, in our 25-foot power boat, bound for the islands of the Horn. Crossing the open sea from Nassau Bay to Cape Hall, on Grévy Island, the full fury of the gales hit us. I feared being blown out to sea, for our propeller was fouled with kelp. So much sea spume blew through the air that bareheaded Ken Williams' hair looked as if it had been lathered.

"Even when the storms were at their worst, and it seemed we must surely swamp, Ken Williams would suddenly stand up and point to some rocky nook, and shout above the wind's roar, 'I shot an otter over there once!'

Glimpse Bottom of Western Hemisphere

"His father was a pioneer missionary among the Yaghan Indians (see illustration, next page), and Williams himself, besides being a hunter, owns sheep that range some of these islands. He is, therefore, the most southerly sheep-herder in the Western Hemisphere. But he knows every family of sea otters from Tierra del Fuego Straits down to Cape Horn. He pointed out many to us—and also ate 25 pounds of our prunes in three days!

"Away down here at the bottom of the Western World, even separated from the tip of South America itself by weeks of stormy seas, and dependent wholly on a tiny lifeboat that I bought at a sale from the United States Coast Guard and shipped here, I can't help thinking—especially when it storms—about how far it is back to Portland, Oregon! In a calm spell we got ashore at Baily Island, and from a peak we saw the big Cloven Cliff on Horn Island itself, and also the Wollaston

UMI

the hair, massed to give added strength to the neck, are a few elements of their loveliness. Recently, however, it has been necessary to make a sort of iron frame on which to support the weight of the roof.

A dozen paces from the Erechtheum, whose portico stands to-day in almost untarnished beauty, are the walls built after the destruction of the first temple by the Persians in 480 B. C. In it were used a number of the solid stone drums of the ancient columns.

Immediately below these walls lies a little hill which is pointed out as the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars. Physically, the place is of little interest. There is a short flight of steps cut in the rock, and at the top are the sites of ancient altars. The ancient Court of the Areopagus, consisting of old and eminent Athenian citizens, held its sittings on this hill. It is said that from here St. Paul, in A. D. 54, spoke to Athenian skeptics.

Note: For other references to Greece, ancient and modern, see: "Pieces of Silver," *National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1933; "New Greece, the Centenarian, Forges Ahead," December, 1930; "The Perennial Geographer (Vergil)," October, 1930; "Cruising to Crete," February, 1929; "Seeing 3,000 Years of History in Four Hours," December, 1928; "Sicily, Island of Vivid Beauty and Crumbling Glory," October, 1927; "Seeing the World from the Air," March, 1928; "History's Greatest Trek," November, 1925; "The Glory That Was Greece," December, 1922; "The Whirlpool of the Balkans," February, 1921; "Saloniki" and "The Hoary Monasteries of Mt. Athos," September, 1916; "Greece of Today," October, 1915; and "Megaspelaeon, the Oldest Monastery in Greece" and "Greece and Montenegro," March, 1913.

Bulletin No. 4, December 3, 1934.

Photograph by Fred Boissonnas

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS HILL STILL COMMANDS THE CAPITAL OF GREECE

This view of the Acropolis, from the northwest, clearly reveals how its priceless temples and monuments are menaced by the crumbling of the cliffs on which they stand. The photograph was taken before the north colonnade of the Parthenon (the highest building) had been restored.

and Hermite Groups that mark the very last land before the jump-off into cold waters that stretch to the Antarctic regions.

"With Ken Williams helping to carry my camera and plates, I climbed Mount Hyde. This huge brown summit, wreathed in white clouds, marks the highest glacial-capped point of land at the bottom of the South American continent. Happily, the day was clear, with thin sunlight filtering through ever-present mists, so we made color pictures—where no pictures had ever been made before. All that broke the haunting silence was our own loud breathing, and the clink of volcanic rock as Ken piled up a pyramid to mark our ascent on this last peak of the cordilleran spine that ties two continents together. We made one color picture of a patch of wild mountain flowers that grow within ten miles of Cape Horn!

"The American ship carpenters who built our 25-foot boat, the 'Dorjun,' of course never dreamed that she would one day make this historic voyage. But how proud they would be, could they have seen her rounding Cape Horn, through seas that filled even Drake, Cavendish and Magellan himself with dismay.

"Hundreds of landings we made, at strange, lonely nooks on rocky shores where barking seals, otters and birds only make man's absence more impressive. In the broken surf on the outer side of the Horn itself a lot of Emperor Penguins are colonized.

"Glad we were, and weary, back once more in the town of Magallanes, which used to be called Punta Arenas. To you, it's just a name; a name for a far-away sheep town stuck somewhere below Patagonia, on the straits of Tierra del Fuego. To us, after cold, wet, dangerous weeks on end, it was civilization again."

Note: Students interested in the Cape Horn region and its lonely ship lanes should also consult: "Cape Horn Grain Ship Race," *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1933; "The Greatest Voyage in the Annals of the Sea (Magellan)," December, 1932; "Rounding the Horn in a Windjammer," January, 1931; "A Longitudinal Journey Through Chile," September, 1922; and "The Awakening of Argentina and Chile," August, 1915.

Bulletin No. 5, December 3, 1934.

Photograph by Federico Kohlmann

SEAL FOR SUPPER!

The prospect of a nourishing meal has brought smiles to the faces of these Yaghan Indian children of Tierra del Fuego. The Yaghans, one of the three Indian tribes of the region, live on rocky islands near Cape Horn and are therefore the southernmost people in the world. For food they must depend chiefly upon seal, shellfish, whale, birds, and a few berries.